



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

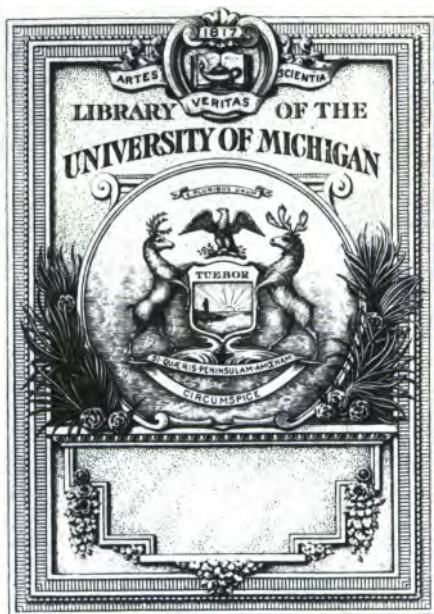
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

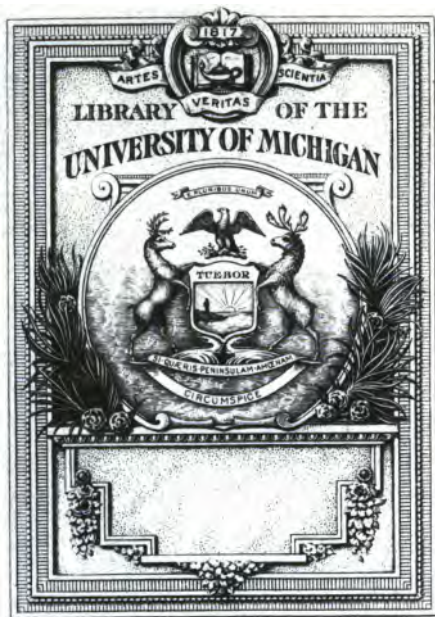
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



THE GIFT OF
Prof. W. H. Hobbs

828
R 921 v



THE GIFT OF
Prof. W. H. Hobbs

828
R 921 v

COPYRIGHT 1921,
By FREDERIC C. LANE

Gift
Prof. W. H. H. H.
9-23-40

TO THE ONLIE BEGETTER OF THESE VALENTINES

I am quite sure, dearest, that, though these valentines, written in the quarter century of our married life and brought together to commemorate our silver wedding, were written for you only, you will forgive me if I bind them together for our silver wedding. And if some one seeing the booklet bye and bye, shall be reminded to go and write one to his wife, it will have been worth while to print them.

And though, because you loved me, these verses seemed better to you than real poems by real poets, for love is blind, and each man's wife would think a little more of something he wrote himself, yet you and I would never think of shouting "plagiarist," if any one should find some thought or some valentine that he could adapt to his own use.

If some reader, not having heard of the fate of the choirboys who ate up all the curate's ipecac cough tablets at one fell swoop, should try to read this booklet, straight through, and feel similar qualms of some sickening sameness, he should remember that this booklet has been over a quarter of a century in writing, and that, as the valentines were written one at a time, so they should be read one at a time.



Table of Contents

	PAGE
Dedication	iii
This Chlorastrolite	7
Dearest, Fairest Columbine	8
Why do I love you, do you ask? (1896)	9
Give me of thy bark, O birch tree	10
Go, side combs, to my lady fair	11
This year	12
Cats with mousies	13
V are the fingers of the hand	14
Our Cupids have the chicken pox	15
The dainty apple blossom	16
A mathematical valentine	17
In the year nineteen and five	18
With a Cup	19
As yearning for the tinkling mossy brook	20
Your only valentine	21
Our wedded life has not been flat	22
As from where o'er the freezing northern lakes	23
These sweet hearts	24
Love (like thee) stays ever young	25

	PAGE
Distance makes the heart grow fonder	26
Well do I remember	27
Amy Lowell writes <i>vers libre</i>	28
Can one still think of love	29
What though the sugar bin be low	30
'T is brillig and my loveder	31
The sundial motto says it marks	32
Soon will all the bells be chiming (1921)	33
The huge ship comes	34
Long time the sun has wooed the earth in vain	35
There 's a long, long trail	36
We tug and tug	37
The leaves are falling one by one	38
Long years in Tempe's peaceful vale	39
The gates are never shut	40

With a Stickpin

This chlorastrolite
Chatoyant so bright
Is only on Isle Royale found in all the world they say.

I had meant it to
Be a token true
For you of my remembrances, upon last Christmas Day.

But I think that it
Will be just as fit
Or even more appropriate, to be a valentine.

Would that it could prick
Through you to the quick
If I might be your Valentine to court plaster the punct-
ure fine.

With a Scientific Report

Dearest fairest Columbine
Take this as your Valentine !
At its weight you must not whine,
At its bulk must not repine,
Therein doth my learning shine !

Crave not gauds of lacework fine
From a massive brain like mine !
Other laurels I 'd resign
That thy laureate love might twine
Round my heart—already thine.

For thy presence I so pine
Be, Oh, be my columbine
Let me in my heart's blood sign,
Sign myself—

THY VALENTINE

L'Envoi

P.S. Don't you think this just as fine
As Orlando did design
On the stems of Arden's pine,
Meriting arrest condign
From the sparrow cops benign ?



1896

Why do I love you, do you ask?
Indeed, you give me quite a task.
Canst tell why sunflower follows sun?
Why "rivers to the ocean run?"
"Law of their being," you may say.
I, too, my being's law obey.
But more,—Apollo's light and heat
Streaming, fair Clytie's form complete.
The brook in ocean's wide expanse
Finds broader life for which it pants.
So in thine eyes I find my light,
From thy warm grasp renew my might,
And pillowed once upon thy breast
I there would find a lasting rest.

Give me of thy bark, O birch tree,
Tough and supple bark O birch tree.
I would write a letter to her.

Drop a feather, long blue heron,
From thy mighty pinions, heron,
Sure thou wouldst, if thou but knew her.

Give me of thy juice, O blood root,
Of thy brilliant sap O blood root.
As with life's blood would I sue her.

Tho, perchance thou say I've won thee
And in love have not outdone thee,

All the more with love I'll woo thee
I'll still woo thee, I'll still sue thee.

Be, I beg thee, be yet kinder,
To my faults as blind, yes blinder
(Not but that I need reminder !)

Thee I love, that faith pray cherish
Passing doubts let straightway perish.

In our mutual love believing,
Blest in giving and receiving,

Still love, though you know me better.
Each past hour, each fitting letter.

With a Pair of Side Combs

Go, side combs, to my lady fair,
And nestle in her sunny hair,
And whisper in her pearl-shell ear
How she to me is,— O so dear.
The golden chain ye two doth bind
Her locks will not have so confined
As they around my heart entwined.
So beg her to her slave be kind.

1899

**This year from me you need expect no Cupid !
Why not ? Because you have your own, dear stupid !**

In Absence

Cats with mousies like to play
Let them run a little way
 Just to catch again.
Kittie, dear, you 've let me go
Just a little while, to show
 That I 'll not remain.

For I love you far too well
So to break your loving spell.
 I love to be caught.
Or we 'll turn it tit for tat,
You be mouse and I 'll be cat,
 So is as it ought.

You pretend from me to cower
I with kisses will devour
 Hold and keep you fast
So the game I 'll e'er renew,
Sending valentines to you
 Heeding not time past.

The Vth Anniversary Valentine

V are the fingers of the hand,
 Vitally bound as they were planned.
Very much so is our family vine.
 Valentine sent us (Oh ! good Valentine)
Virile and vigorous two little sons !
 Venus might covet for cupids such ones
V are the petals of many a flower,
 Violets say, perfumed after shower ;
V years as fragrant we 've journeyed together.
 Varied the joys and the griefs we 'd to weather.
Vainly I strive to write how I love ;
 Verse is too vexing. Let me voice it, my dove.

Our Cupids have the chickenpox
My Pegasus won't go
But since you 're still my dearest love
That 's solace for all woe.

1903

The dainty apple blossom glorifies the tree
Its fragrance perfumes all the radiant spring
Until a change the northern wind doth bring,
And pelting rains, which fiercely rend and tear
And scatter far and wide the petals fair.

Is this the end? Ah no,—one still may see
The tiny apple which the rain and dew
Serve but to swell, till pink becomes the hue
And with the fragrance sweetness comes as well
Increasing ever till the season's knell.

The rose, perchance, may be more large, more fair
Until its petals also drop around,
A rosy shower profuse upon the ground,
Leaving the haw alone, a dry deceit,
So bright, yet taste- and flavor-less a cheat.

To thee, dear God of Love, a thankful prayer
That time and trial doth my one refine
An ever dear and sweet loveapple mine
In her my chiefest happiness I find
And years are added links, us twain to bind.

A Mathematical Valentine

8 years have sped
Since we were wed
 My dearest Columbine
And I may say
That on that day
 2 did in 1 combine
And I'm 2day
Glad if I may
 Still be thy Valentine.
4 28 years
As sure appears
 4 I will prove the same.
We now are 4
And as I score
 4, two'n eight years became !

So, years, go by
Ye multiply
 Our love by memories of joys
And Future add
Days gay or sad,
 But O, subtract o-o-y boys

In the Year Nineteen and Five

Now our family 's grown to five
Tell me, dear, love, too, doth thrive
E'en though water shortage drive
To distraction, and deprive
Us of comfort, let us strive
That Love droop not but survive.

Leak in watermain—18 below !
Coal bin low !
And I alack ! away must go !

With a Cup

“ Drink to me only with thine eyes
And I will pledge with mine,
Or drop one kiss within this cup
And I 'll not ask for wine,”
Pray keep this cup and let it mean
That I may aye be thine
And we together life's cup drink
Thou and thy valentine.

As yearning for the tinkling mossy brook,
One, sweltering, follows slowly on the track
The forest fire has left all charred and black,
O'er fallen sooty logs with many a crook
His way pursuing, and his weary look
Descries not e'en a tepid pool to slake
His thirst—the bogs themselves consumed, yet back
That morn the cool white shadowed tent forsook,
So from thee parted, I am not at rest ;
Without thee, black the prospect I discern.
So fair were thou when thou wert last caressed
As that white tent to which he would return.
Be thou thyself my valentine most blessed
And let us once again Love's lessons learn.

1908

Your only valentine this year
Your mother is for you, my dear,
Yet (with love's incense fraught) burns clear
My love for you, Oh never fear!
Yet after all 't would not be queer
Had I for once upon leap year
Let you send me the souvenir.

With a Silver Saltshaker

Our wedded life has not been flat
This shaker salt 's no sign of that,
But rather as a symbol of
Your seasoning it with wit and love,
Dear Columbine ; and thus your favor
Like salt gives all my life its savor.

As from where, o'er the freezing northern lakes,
The shivering wild rice shakes its empty plumes
The flying wildfowl flee the fast snowflakes
And Arctic winter with approaching glooms,
To seek, far south, the warm and sunny lands,
Which green and pleasant greeted them last year,
Fringed aye with food and never frozen strands,
Where reedy refuges are ever near ;
So to the sunshine of thy gracious smile,
In its warm-hearted radiance to bask,
From wanderings where cold science doth beguile
Back to the safest harbor one could ask,
For thrice V years, my thoughts return this day.
Accept this harbinger, dear love, I pray.

With a watercolor of three fowl in flight their wings making three Vs



With a Box of Peppermint Hearts



These sweet hearts, sweetheart,—my dear wife,—
For each sweet year of married life
I send ; you 'll find they are sixteen
One for each year you 've been my queen.
“ Sweet sixteen ” is the sweetest age
It has been said by some thought sage.
And this year will be such to me
If I thy valentine may be.



And yet Holmes' “ Chambered Nautilus ”
May be a type more true of us.
Its each new chamber larger still
Our years prefigure if you will ;
So each new year more sweet may be
With love spiced with adversity.



Love (like thee) stays ever young.
Cupid's dimples ne'er are wrinkles.
Love's abiding youth Paul sung,
When are hushed the cymbals' tinkles.
Years pass o'er thee, light as swallows
Flitting o'er the water's surface,
Sipping, leaving waves and hollows,
Which spread ever farther, fainter.
So time's tools touch thee but slightly
Adding but the lines of beauty
(Lines betok'ning welldone duty)
Like a painter touching lightly.
Not "grow old along with me" dear ;
Though "the best" may well be coming,
But, stay young ! Love's youth 's eternal
And my heart stays ever vernal.

After a Trip Through Canada to Victoria

Distance makes the heart grow fonder —
Distances traversed together,
Memories of scenes far yonder
And of days of halcyon weather
Leaving, mutually to ponder.

★ ★ ★

How the great Pacific tranquil
Acted as a foreground glassy
To the snowclad range Olympic ;
How the seaborne smoke of forests
Made the sun sink red as crimson ;
How the salmon up the river
Thronged their way in spite of rapids ;
How the fiery gaswell pillar
Rose like that which guided Moses.

★ ★

Glacier, Douglass fir encompassed,
Emerald lake and snowfed torrent
Mountain range in corniced ramparts
Sulphur pool and mighty bison
Prairie, stretching wide, expansive.

★

All these memories in common
Bring us ever more together
Bind with bonds light as a feather.
So I ever am thy lover,
In thee aye new grace discover
In thy hair new haloes shining.

Well do I remember when
I received a shining yen ;
In the coin as in my heart
One dear face did joy impart.
Long since now the coin is lost,
In some peat bog deep o'ermossed.
Photographs may fade away,
E'en as brown hairs turn to gray
But I 'm glad those features fadeless
I still see in radiance changeless.

Amy Lowell writes "*Vers libre*"
 Which therefore are the up-to-date expression
 Free in rhythm, length of line or aught
 Save care to use fit figures, sounding words
 With passionate emotion fraught
 And CAPITALS to head the lines.
 Aha! see I've made a rhyme.
 'T is hard to teach old dogs new tricks
 And marks of bond slaves' gyves last in the flesh
 E'en tho the bonds themselves be long removed.
 I started to remark that "*vers libre*" seemed
 Appropriate for your valentine this year
 Not in that, International law dissolving
 Parnassian must follow too!
 But as a sign
 My love for you is unrestrained, unfettered
 Were we unmarried it could not be bettered;
 So I should use for it a form (the newest for the lettered)
 Because my love is ever new
 And ever true,
 And if this form or lack of form
 Or form as formed (yet formless) as the flickering flame,
 Hath furnished modern medium for a flaming passion,
 So much the better
 For my letter
 That says I shall not "lose my grip,"
 For grips me still my love
 Of God
 My Country
 And of Thee!

Can one still think of love, its charms, when arms
Around us flash and wave to save our country from the
coward's fate (too late?)

Yes! Since for love men fight, bedight
With armor strong, to save from wrong
All that they hold most dear, 't is clear
That valentines are yet *au fait* today.
Tho' foreign foeman's bayonet not yet
Replace young Cupid's arrow, and his bow,
Yet still my heart will bleeding be for thee.
It bleeds at thought of knife, endangered life,
Your bravery the surgeon so to face with grace.
So courage aye Life's soldier brave! Your slave
Your lover erstwhile is, and will be still.

1918

What though the sugar bin be low!
It matters not.
If you to me will sweetness show
I care no jot.

Nor dread we the fast dwindling coal,
For I re-peat
The love for thee that fires my soul
Will keep up heat.

To a Portmanteau of all the Virtues and Graces

A Valentine—by a Loose Caroller

'T is brillig¹ and my loveder heart
Blobs, for 't is wierced by Cupid's dart
For Valday's come, the glamdest of the year
Bringing sweet thoughts of thee, my owndest dear
Nineteen nineteen! the Valspar hooves
To varnish o'er my facial wrooves,
Yet though my outer man decays
Perennial young my inner stays,
And still doth worship at thy shrine.
Amphibious youth thou dost combine
And so accept this hamship hum
Which from my heartsolmind doth come.

¹Remembering Lewis Carrol's definition of portmanteau words in "Alice in Wonderland," for instance, "blobs," "beats and throbs" "wierced" "wounded and pierced" you can easily make out the rest of the unfamiliar words.

A Valentine After Bereavement

The sundial motto says it marks
Only the sunny hours
But 't is not so with us, my dear,
And with this love of ours.
Altho' this day we travel in the vale
(Like some deep canyon trenched)
Where deathly shadows linger long
And heart strings sore are wrenched

Yet Love is with us lightening this dark trail.
His rod will be our guide
To sunlit Beulah land plateaux that rise
We follow, side by side.

1921

Soon will all the bells be chiming,
Silver wedding dancing timing,
Drowning out my annual rhyming.

Not that now our love is ending,
Far from that, it is extending,
And the mantle is descending.

Children now are up and doing.
In their loves our love renewing,
Follow we henceforth their wooing.



The Lusitania

The huge ship comes, her opened ports in bands,
Breathing black smoke, her way afar defining,
The north horizon lined with haven lands,
Southward the sea a burnished buckler shining.

The baleful periscope no one discerning,
The swift torpedo strikes the steel clad frame
The mighty vessel lists and trembles, turning
Upon her side like dying woodland game.

Then one prepared,—by years of strenuous training
Acquainted with th' enfolding arms of the vast sea,—
Helps right and left, a courage calm retaining,
Shakes off the wire, shakes out the lifeboat, he!

And if our Ship of State attacked we see,
Grant us, Oh Lord, that we prepared may be.

Spring for Earth

Long time the Sun had wooed the earth in vain,
Although each day he earlier rose and warmer shone.
She, clad in snow white garb, remained still chill,
Icebound her each emotion's labile rill,
Until she could no more refrain
But yielded to the suit that patience won
With rippling streams of tears, and mayflower sweet,
And downy buds, soft as when lips do meet.

There's a Long Trail

There's a long, long trail a winding
Out from the vast and storied past
Very lowly creatures binding
To the forms we see at last.
There are ages still of struggle
And of work for me and you
Till the earth becomes what it shall be
And the dreams of God come true.

The Dory Song

We tug and tug and pull and pull
As o'er the waves we go.
The wind 's ahead, the boat's like lead,
And progress is but slow.

And yet, my lad, 't is not so bad
As empty home to go
With ne'er a fish you would not wish
Up to the wharf to row.

The Leaves are Falling

The leaves are falling one by one.
Lower and lower creeps the sun.
Moment by moment doth the night
Snatch from the day, whose waning light
Betokens Winter near.

Up on the hills some scattered snow
Lies on the frozen ground below.
Fast over-head the grey clouds go,
Bleakly the biting wind doth blow
Warning of winter here.

Yet buds lie waiting spring to shoot,
And seed lies in the ripened fruit.
Safe swathed the bulbs lie under ground.
In every nook may life be found
All waiting without fear.

The sun withdraws a little space
And brings the spring t' another place,
And when he there has run his race
He will erelong his steps retrace ;
Then will the spring appear.